

Raleigh Christian Advocate.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

THE ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

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ESTABLISHED 1855.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, 1891.

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 1.

POETRY.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute
will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we need have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

—Josephine Pollard.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the ADVOCATE.

Our Virginia Correspondence.

BY REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, D. D.

The beginning of a new year is fruitful of practical suggestions. We have lived to little purpose if we have learned not something from the experience and observation of a current year. The seasons have come and gone in their turn. God's promise has not failed since the rainbow spanned the retiring skirts of the last cloud of the Noahian Flood: "Seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night," in the steady march of time, have come and gone. We have had harvests, more or less abundant. We have had food to eat and raiment to put on. A measure of health has been meted out to us. If bodily afflictions have befallen us they have been tempered with God's loving kindness. If reverses of temporal fortune have overtaken us, they have been light in comparison with what they might have been. If death has robbed us of some of the cherished objects of our affection, we have occasion to thank God that we have not been bereft of all that we love. Dark days may have come, but sunshine has shimmered through the clouds. We may look back upon our misfortunes, "through the prism of a tear." The Bow of Hope bends in beauty on the cloud as it drifts away. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." The experience of the past has in it the pledge and the prophecy of God's tender mercy and loving kindness to the end of life's pilgrimage.

"'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home."

Longfellow's Psalm of Life has its suggestions, but, better still, Joseph Addison's inimitably beautiful hymn, beginning;

"When all thy mercies O, my God,
My rising soul surveys"—

Let us take hope and courage from the past, and 'girding up the loins of our mind,' let us start out on the new year, invigorated and strengthened by the lessons gathered from the past. God's immutability and fidelity fully warrant us in trusting in him for the future. But, superadded, we have his fatherly kindness to inspire us with hope and confidence. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and, as if this were not enough, we have the addendum; "for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." He therefore does not expect impossibilities of us. Take heart, halting, hesitating, timid and distrustful Christian. God knows your infirmities, and constitutional weaknesses. He is not a hard mast-

er, "gathering where he has not strewed." If he has given you but one talent he does not expect the improvement of two at your hands. Then, for your further encouragement, as you look hesitatingly to the untried future, think of God's precious promises: "I will strengthen thee," to bear burdens and to endure hardness; and as if that were not enough, he adds; "yea, I will help thee," and even more than that; "I will uphold thee." The Bible contains a treasure of promises, from which we may, at every turn of life, under every trial of life, even to the end of life, confidently believe that the "goodness and mercy" that have hitherto attended us will attend us to our journey's end. We should not be discouraged because of our weaknesses and infirmities. Elijah was a man of like passions as ourselves. Even after God had answered him by fire, and sent rain in answer to his prayers, he became weak and timid, and fled for his life at the threat of Jezebel to murder him outright. How could he doubt the protection of that God who had given him such signal victory at Carmel? And yet he ran in hot haste from Jezreel to Beersheba to escape the vengeance of the exasperated queen; and then he went a day's journey into the wilderness and lay down under a juniper tree, and, in sheer exhaustion wished to die. God knows our frame; he remembereth we are dust. Cheer up, cheer up, doubting and distrustful saint. Your fervent, earnest, and oft repeated prayers will prove "effective," notwithstanding your weaknesses and infirmities.

In the forecast of life, as we now look ahead at the beginning of a new year, we see the trials, burdens, and anticipated conflicts and duties of life grouped together, and forget, for the nonce, that they are to be distributed through three hundred and sixty-five days. Let us learn to live a day at a time. This is the secret of making life's duties comparatively easy. Take no anxious and distressing thought for tomorrow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Don't climb the mountains that lie before you till you get to them. There, take them in detail, as they come—one at a time. We suffer more in the anticipation of life's trials than in their realization. "You know not what shall be on tomorrow;" why then worry yourself with that which may never come? A day at a time. This is the God-given secret of a happy Christian life.

The foregoing homily has been suggested by the beginning of a new year. It may prove profitable to some one. "It is better farther on." If, in no other respect, certainly in this, that each successive day carries us nearer the end of our journey.

"While in this body pent,
Absent from heaven I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Our preachers in the Virginia Conference are getting settled down to their work. Happily, most of them got to their homes before the severity of the winter set in. We have had a super-abundance of snow in the Piedmont region of Virginia. Along the line of the Blue Ridge the snow lay to the depth of thirty-five inches, and in sections, even to a greater depth. A more recent fall of snow, over a wide extent of country, covered the ground from eight to twelve to fifteen inches in depth. The Sunday-school festivals, during the Christmas holidays, were greatly abridged in enjoyment by the cold and snowy weather. We sympathized with the little ones. Just now there seems to be a check to the "booms" in real estate. Speculators are hopeful for the future. We shall see. "All men have not faith." But, in any event, "we shall see what we shall see." There are enough of lots "staked off" in the cities on paper, in Virginia, to furnish a freehold for nearly every family in the State. Happily the "booms," however they may terminate, have brought a large amount of Northern and foreign capital into the "Old Dominion." Beuna Vista, and perhaps other cities, so called, is an assured success.

Lynchburg, Va.

For the ADVOCATE.

Our Deaf Mutes.

BY REV. ZADOCK PARIS.

I know that we have older and abler men than myself to suggest methods that would facilitate and hasten the complete Christianization of the world; but, having for years closely observed our almost utter neglect of the Deaf Mutes of our land, and having seen nothing written concerning their salvation, I am constrained to call attention to this deplorable fact.

Men and women write about Foreign Missions; and depict in vivid language the moral degradation of the Pagan world, and the millions of poor wretches that sink annually into a Christless grave. This is right, and every line that falls from their pen, demands the profoundest consideration of every man or woman through whose breast the milk of human kindness flows, and into whose heart the love of God has been shed.

Men and women write also about Domestic Missions; and paint in glowing colors the poverty and ignorance of our people, in certain sections of our country, who are almost secluded from the friction of the gospel and civilization; and urge the necessity and duty of sending them the gospel. This is right, and should arrest the serious attention of every Christian. And I thank God that our people are doing more for Domestic and Foreign Missions than ever before.

But all this does not exonerate us from preaching the Gospel to the unfortunate Deaf Mutes.

I do not know how many we have within the bounds of the W. N. Conference. We have 10 or 12 on the Lilesville circuit. There are 133 charges in the Conference. Say they average 4 to each charge, and doubtless they will, we have over 500 at the Conference.

A great many of these have been educated, and prepared for the secular business of life; some of them, but very few belong to the church, and none that I know ever attend Sunday-school. Judging from their attendance on public worship on my charge, I suppose about one tenth attend church on the sabbath day; and they being unable to hear, derive no benefit. Just think of it! Over 500 souls right among us every day, totally neglected, so far as the pulpit is concerned.

Now, that these persons are entitled to the Gospel, is evident from God's word: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." According to this passage, we are under just as much obligation to preach the Gospel to them as any one else. Hence the question is: How can we do this most effectively?

Certainly not through their parents. For some have no parents; some have wicked parents; and others have very ignorant parents; and not only so, but to say that parental instruction is sufficient for them, is to say that it is sufficient for all. Consequently, we would do away with preaching, and Sunday school instruction altogether. It cannot be done through our regular circuit and station preachers, because they are not acquainted with the Deaf Mutes' language, neither is the Deaf Mute familiar with their language. They just as well be preaching to Chinamen as Deaf Mutes, for neither would understand them. Hence, the only way to reach them, is the way we reach all others of a different language. For, while their language is the same as ours, their expression of it is entirely different.

When we want to send the Gospel to China, we educate a man in the Chinese language, and so, when we want to send the Gospel to a Deaf Mute, we must educate a preacher in the Deaf Mutes' language, or his expression of ours.

Numbers of these Deaf Mutes are worth property, and would be perfectly willing to help support a preacher who could preach in their own language. A great many of them have parents who would gladly help support a preacher to preach to their children.

And so, I think that all we need is some one to look after this matter; have a suitable person appointed to this work; and if he cannot get his

support from the Deaf Mutes, then support him as a Missionary out of the Domestic Mission Fund. If this were done, we should not find then, as we do now, whole families of these unfortunate children of Adam, out of the church; out of the Sunday-school; and almost ignorant of God. Then when we shall have taken the world for Christ, and all nations shall acknowledge Jesus Christ to be Lord to the glory of God the Father, there will be no Deaf Mutes in our own country, in our own homes, and around our own fire-sides, as there are now, to rise up and say: We have not even so much as been taught whether there be any Christ. And when we stand before the awful bar of God to give an account of our stewardship here below, the lost spirits of these persons will not rise up to condemn us, and send us to hell; but having had their tongues loosed, their ears unstopped, and their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, shall together with us, phalanx after phalanx, sweep through the gates into the city of God, to hear and sing the song of the Redeemed forever.

For the ADVOCATE.

The King's Daughters,

AND THE POOR WHITE GIRLS OF N. C.

On the morning of Jan. 13th, 1886, a little company of ten women met at the residence of Mrs. Frank Botome, of New York City, and determined to organize themselves into a sisterhood of service, hoping by this closer union to increase their usefulness many fold. The new order named itself The King's Daughters, (Psa. 45) and chose for their badge a ribbon of the royal color worn with, or without the Maltese Cross; for their motto:

Look up, not down,
Look forward, not backward,
Look out and not in,
Lend a hand;

and for their watchword, "In His Name."

The King's Daughters are responsible only to the King for their choice of a field of labor, hence in all details relating to work, there is largest liberty, the object being to unite women willing, or eager to do the Master's work in a way to secure to each, the sympathy and cooperation of all, and to induce all to widen the circle of helpfulness by drawing into it constantly more and more hands to work for humanity, and more and more hearts to love the King.

Such in brief, is the origin and object of the Order known as The King's Daughters, gathered from Leaflet No. 1. It has grown so rapidly as now to girdle the globe. It is so elastic that Christians of all denominations may band together under its colors and do any work in His name, for humanity in general, or in particular. The smallest service, a cup of cold water, or the largest—giving yourself and your all to help the Redeemer, is equally as acceptable. This is the sesame: IN HIS NAME, that has opened the hearts of the daughters of all our people to the influences of the Holy Spirit, and united them in this order of consecrated service.

The first Circle formed in North Carolina was The West End Circle of Greensboro, and that historic town has now six Circles. Wilmington, Fayetteville, Raleigh, Chapel Hill, Hillsboro, Graham, Greenville, Salisbury, Concord and Murphy have each, one or more Circles. There may be other towns in which Circles exist that have not reported.

Last May these Circles met by delegation, in Greensboro, formed a state organization and elected a State Secretary. Among the various subjects of interest and work that came up for consideration, the helpless condition of the poor white girls of the State elicited much sympathy. An earnest and able talk in their behalf, was made by Mrs. M. M. Hobbs, of Guilford College, whose position as wife of the Pres. of that School had made her familiar with the needs of this class of girls. Following this was a motion that a Committee be appointed to draft and present to the next Legislature of North Carolina, a petition asking for an appropriation of \$20,000 for the establishment of an Industrial School for their speci-

al and exclusive use. This motion was carried unanimously, and the Committee appointed by the State Secretary, Mrs. Hobbs chairman. The petition will soon be in circulation.

We appeal to the law-makers of North Carolina to help her daughters; we appeal to the electors of these law-makers to give their names and influence to this object; we appeal to the wives, mothers and sisters who sit in comfortable homes guarded by strong arms, and sheltered by loving hearts, to lend their sympathy and aid to an effort which seeks to enable less fortunate women who are compelled to be "bread winners," to equip themselves to earn honest and honorable livelihoods.

For every class North Carolina has provided by legislation, except her daughters. The University is for her sons—likewise the Agricultural and Mechanical School, but unless her daughters be blind, or deaf and dumb, or criminals, she says: "I take no interest in you; live as you can; be good or bad, high or low; learned or ignorant; I care not." And this is The Old North State.

We seek no office at the hands of politicians, we ask no seat in your Legislative Halls; we desire not access to the ballot box; but we beg for the women of North Carolina the privilege and the opportunity of learning those trades and occupations by which they may support themselves decently and comfortably.

In behalf of The King's Daughters of North Carolina, and In His Name, whom we serve.

MARY E. CARTER, State Sec.
Graham, N. C.

For the ADVOCATE.

From Franklin to Salisbury.

DR. REID: At Franklin for two years we were sandwiched between the mountains. At the great hills closed about us their solemnity melted into friendliness, their awe dissolved into a sense of nearness. We grew familiar, became friends, then followed the delightful sense of being confidential.

Of old we had written
The wind, the wave, the sunset glow
Be the sole listener of thy woe,

but our new companions silently drew from us, alike, the ills, the joys, repressed the bad, encouraged the good and, like nature's great workshop wasted nothing, but transmuted; modified, made over all we gave only to fling it lavishly upon us in a thousand helpful lessons of patience.

We climbed their heights, drank the view of the great hills still beyond and above, whose distant peaks shaded from clear yellow light into soft violet shadows at their feet, below us the hills appeared as undefinable emerald-green islands moved in space, while in and out the breath of a shower blew in caressing fondness. It all brought to the mind a succession of waves, one above the other, giving exquisite glimpses of slanting sunbeams hidden in their rocks as if the blue and scarlet and purple of the hangings of the tabernacle had cast their shadows there.

Like Peter of old we said: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

We dwelt in the tabernacle already made, and were hedged about by a happy, contented people, whose love and kindness packed our hearts with dear remembrances of, and abiding love for them.

But we have come down to dwell in the broad sunny valleys whose faces beam with all the comfort which comes from the "joy and success of eventful living."

These Salisbury Methodists have welcomed us with the ring of the gold. Can any one enjoy and appreciate more fully a genuine home welcome than an itinerant and his family? God stores up these sweet welcomes for his servants. Are they not the compensations for our hurried, tearful leave-taking of those of whom we have grown fond? They shoot up under our feet like daisies, their perfume has in it strength.

The parsonage is ablaze with comfort. We are at anchor for the year. Not idly anchored we pray. The ship in dock may rust itself away,

the fine polish of the tempered steel, from unuse, may upon itself corrode. The work looms up heavily, its responsibility overshadow us.

God will take care of the success, to us belong endeavor and struggle.

But we have love and faith, they send their rays of light athwart our ways.

In the splendor of life's noonday, they can shine above the brightness of the sun.

Mrs. W. H. LEITH,
Salisbury, N. C.

For the ADVOCATE.

The Best "Monument" to Perpetuate the Memory of Rev. J. T. Harris.

BY REV. W. P. WILLIAMS.

DEAR BRO. REID: The relatives of the late Rev. J. T. Harris will doubtless erect a Marble Monument to his memory, but I think he is entitled to a "Monument" more durable than marble, and believe that he has enough friends in N. C. to erect at Trinity College, a

"J. T. HARRIS SCHOLARSHIP,"

which will be a living, intellectual, spiritual and perpetual "Monument," that will continue to "thrive," when all cold marble shafts are "blended in common dust!"

A "J. T. Harris Scholarship" in Trinity College, would perpetuate itself, not only through time, but eternity also. This grand idea was suggested by Bro. Tuttle several months ago, in memory of Bro. Stamey, but too late; as the "Marble shaft" had been provided for.

I am not a member of either Conference, but am one of the many friends of Bro. Harris and of Trinity College, and would like to hear from others.

Davidson College, N. C., Dec. '90.

The above suggestion stands of itself. A sum of \$1,000 would bring interest enough to make an annual scholarship of from \$60 to \$100. Why could not a few friends undertake this and thereby encourage young men to higher attainments in Christian learning? Nothing could more fittingly express the aspirations and doings of our late brother than this scholarship in the promotion of knowledge he was a leader; it was his custom to keep some one worthy student at College each year. Such a scholarship would go a great way toward perpetuating his example by helping at College the student who should from year to year become the beneficiary of this fund. Year by year the world would continue to get the benefit of this noble example of Brother Harris.

The catalogue of the College would contain notice each year of this scholarship with the name of the beneficiaries.

The brethren of Durham District, which was the last served by Brother Harris, could do nothing nobler than to establish a scholarship of any amount in honor of their heroic leader and guide. If \$1,000 could not be raised, perhaps \$500 could, or even less. The College will welcome any amount and will open subscriptions for that purpose from any one, to the "Rev. J. T. Harris Scholarship."

JOHN F. CROWELL.

Do Your Best.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap, and knee-breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-by to him he took me between his knees, kindly, and then laying his hand on my head, he said: 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you; will you try to remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, 'I will, grandpa.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is this: Whatever you have to do, always do the best you can.' This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them."—Exchange.

Our duty to God is measured by our ability.